[ficlet] Human AU: Silence.

• May. 7th, 2011 at 5:59 AM

Title: Human AU: Silence.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG.
Warnings: Mentions of angelcest.
Pairings/Characters: Michael, Lucifer, Raphael, Gabriel.
Word Count: 984 words.
Summary: Reactions to what just happened, with something finally going right.
Note: Written for **spn_30snapshots**, with the prompt silence being used for this one. Twenty-seven down, three to go!

I think this one has been one of my favorites to write...so I hope you all enjoy it. :)

Also? Don't start reading here. Go here and start with #4, as that's the first story in this collection. You'll be confused otherwise.

Michael excuses himself from the room to flee to the bathroom, and turns on the water, not bothering to remove his clothes.

He sits in the shower and lets himself feel grief, and loss, and everything besides.

It isn't easy to realize that he has failed, in every sense of the word.

After some minutes Michael reaches a trembling hand out to turn the heat up, remembering his illness, and remembering that the cold water caused it. Then he rests his head on the wall and tries to regain himself.

He's going to accept the terms, he knows that already.

The problem is. Michael traces circles in the water and thinks that Raphael might prove to be a problem. Gabriel as well. He can't speak for Lucifer.

But this is something he needs to solve, because if nothing else he *needs* to see Heaven again.

He thinks he knows that Lucifer will say yes, if only because he has an idea of what the Cage was like. That and Lucifer has shown signs (weaknesses?) of wanting company, even if they don't get along.

Michael then thinks of the arguments they've had, and how he will probably have to learn to forgive them...

Michael grits his teeth and reminds himself of Heaven. He's going to say yes, he has to.

It's that thought that drives him up and out of the shower, out to find his brothers.

Gabriel stays in the kitchen, drinking water and making hot chocolate and reminding himself that he knew this would come someday. He knew that someday he would be forced to face the fact that he abandoned his post and engaged in a variety of activities that would never be approved of, the least of which was accepting sacrifices on Loki's behalf.

He just wishes it didn't feel so downright *awful* to be told that directly.

Still, he thinks. As much as he's fled from fate and duty, he knows there's no way out of this. Not without a better option, and the only third option he sees is death and that...he's been there. Death's not the better option.

He's going to say yes, and if in doing so he goes through more pain, well, Gabriel pokes himself with a spoon and reminds himself that he'll be going through it together with family, and no one can be left out.

That, more than anything else, makes him think that it's the right decision.

Lucifer lies on his bed and doesn't think. His decision has been made, was made the moment he heard the offer.

Family. Heaven. *Forgiveness*.

He didn't think he could have it. He never even entertained the idea -

Lucifer rolls over and rubs his face with the blanket.

"Wet," he mutters.

Raphael's world is coming apart at the seams. He is in his room, not so much as sitting or lying down as he is huddled by the window, eyes closed, trying desperately not to think.

He knows he should follow whatever Michael decides. He knows he's going to say yes if Michael does. He knows that it's what's expected of him.

"I did what I had to," Raphael manages, but the excuse sounds weak even to him. "I fought for what I - " He bites his tongue again and thinks that he can't do this, he can't agree to these terms, he can't even face Him again -

Raphael drives a fist into his leg, shaking.

There's nowhere to hide here, there's no duty to bury himself in, there's no obligation to keep his emotions from the lesser angels, there's no way for him to avoid this.

There's no way for him to cope, there's only the pain of admitting that he was wrong, that he failed, and Raphael can't -

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Michael finds his brother crying in his room. He stands in the doorway and stares at Raphael. He's never seen Raphael like this before, and he's never dealt with those sounds before, and his clothes are still wet.

Michael lets himself act before he thinks, crosses the room and wraps Raphael into a hug. If he gets Raphael wet he'll apologize later, but he's thinking now of Raphael checking his forehead and caring for him when he was sick.

Raphael is stiff in his hold, but it's not long before he resumes crying. It is a long time before he begins to calm down, however, but Michael just closes his eyes and holds on.

It feels right to do this, and Michael almost wonders why he's never done this before, but he doesn't need to wonder, not when the weight of memories are still pressing down into him, and he remembers duties and the need to be strong for the Host.

But here, alone - there's no need to hide. None at all. Michael knows he won't ever tell anyone about seeing Raphael like this, and he still trusts Raphael with his life. Raphael's been the only one he could trust for the longest time, after all.

"M-Michael," Raphael manages after a long time, and Michael slowly lets go.

"I'm sorry," Michael tells him, and it's sincere.

Raphael looks back at him, and Michael can see how *lost* he is, and that...

"There's milk downstairs," Michael says at last. "We can heat it up. You'll feel better."

"I...you need to change clothes," Raphael says.

Michael never thought he'd say this, or think this, but: "Raphael. You first."

Raphael stares at him for a long moment, then abruptly they both decide to stand up, Michael so he can get his shirt off (he's shivering) and Raphael so he can properly thank Michael.

The moment Michael's shirt is off, Raphael hugs him tightly.

Michael starts, then relaxes, and rests his hands on Raphael's back.

"Let's go downstairs," he says, and thinks that something's gone right, for once in their lives.

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